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Riding o'er the hilltop high,
Poised between the earth and sky,
While far below the valleys lie
 Wrapt in azure haze,
Dim the city I descry
Where the smoke-wraiths float and fly,
Born of fires that never die,
 From the foundry's blaze.

Still as farther on I go,
Ever worlds of wonder grow,
Many more the road can show,
 Wandering far and free.
Spanning rivers deep and wide,
Leaping down the mountain side,
Roads go on whate'er betide,
 Joining sea to sea.

T. BUELL CARD, '16

HIGH SCHOOL
WOONSOCKET, R.I.

ON TEACHING ENGLISH

A child, I loved the sea, and many a day
I dreamed to dusk beside the echoing strand,
But never came the voyages I planned,
Sea-questing years on ocean's pathless way;
No night so dark, no threatening storm so gray
But my good ship, obedient to my hand,
Should ride the waves; or, where soft breezes fanned,
Rest by the opening portals of Cathay.

In this my little boat I breast the shore,
Where children gather wondering, eager-eyed,
To watch the galleons anchoring in the bay.
Far reaches may these eager youths explore.
Content within this inlet I abide,
If I may see them launched toward far Cathay.

LAURA BELL EVERETT